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Wouldn't Be Dead For Quids

The bush lies still in the morning chill in the first hour after dawn
The sweet scent of gums fills my lungs as the track I trudge along
Come what may here's one more day to savour and to live
The air's sweet and clear like the finest beer, and I wouldn't be dead for quids

Grey turns to gold, wild flower unfold to greet the quickening day
While kangaroos and cockatoos on roadside paddocks graze
Between man and beast I feel the trust and peace Adam surely did
As the very first man on the very first dawn and I wouldn't be dead for quids

And though my pack's light on my back as I head off to the west
It will weigh a ton before this day's done and I can take my rest
To reach my camp I must tramp sandy plain and rock ridge
Though well I know there's hard miles to go, I wouldn't be dead for quids

This mother Earth she gives us birth to live and love and die
A foolish man wastes his short span wondering where and when and why
It's enough for me just to be out here where my spirit lives
This day's a golden prize, thank God I'm alive, I wouldn't be dead for quids.